

gie and Walter found life very flat for a while after she was gone. But the weather was fine, and they managed through the first day not so badly. The next was the dreadful one. It poured, and they could not go out, and they spent the weary hours watching the rain drip, drip into the pools in the street beneath the window. At four o'clock, however, something happened to break the monotony of the day. A telegraph boy came to the door, and gave a sharp rat-tat on Mrs. Crump's knocker.

'It's for us, I know,' shrieked Maggie, flying downstairs, with Walter close behind. 'It is, "Mrs. Dale to Miss Dale, Ivy Cottage, Reedmoor. Coming 5.45 train. Meet me at station."''

'Hurrah!' shouted Walter, as soon as the children grasped the message. 'Let's start right away, Maggie.'

'Eh, what — you'll never go to meet your ma in this rain?' protested Mrs. Crump, who had now arrived, broom in hand, in the passage.

'Of course we will. We've got umbrellas, and Mag. has her cloak, and we're not sugar. We'll not melt with a little rain.'

'Maybe no, but I'm not going to have folks settin' out to walk three miles in this weather,' Mrs. Crump returned with a decided nod. 'Your ma wouldn't thank me, I know. She didn't know what kind of a day we were havin' when she sent that there telegraph.'

'Oh, Mrs. Crump,' cried Maggie despairingly, 'do let us! We won't catch cold, and we're so tired of being indoors. Do, dear Mrs. Crump!'

And the children coaxed so piteously that at last Mrs. Crump relented.

'Well, well,' she said, 'you can't say I didn't do my best to stop you anyhow, if harm comes of it. Put on your things, then; if you will go, and I'll give you each a glass of something hot, before you start, to keep the cold out.'

This last remark the children could hardly be said to hear, as they were already half-way upstairs; but when they once more appeared equipped for their walk, they encountered Mrs. Crump in the passage with a tray on which were two glasses.

'Here, my dears,' she said (being really a kind woman). 'You drink this off.'

'What is it?' asked Maggie, suspi-

ciously, eyeing the tray. Maggie always connected wine glasses with castor oil and such other disagreeables.

'This? My own port negus, Miss Maggie, and right prime it is, I warrant you. My Tom'd give his ears for a sip, if he knew there was any going.'

'Then he can have it all and welcome,' said Walter, stoutly. 'We're temperance children, Mrs. Crump. We don't want any negus, thank you.'

'Though it was very kind of you to get it for us,' Maggie added politely, to save Mrs. Crump's feelings; 'but you see, we know our mother wouldn't allow us to have it. She thinks people would all be happier if they drank nothing but water.' And with that the children unfurled their umbrellas, and trudged off, leaving Mrs. Crump in much amazement.

'Well I never!' she exclaimed. 'Not let them drink negus! they'll get their death o' cold or my name's not Sally Crump.'

However, the children did not get their death. They reached the station just in time; their mother smilingly signalling them from her carriage window as the train drew up.

'Well, children, you deserve something for coming out in such a day,' she said. 'Aunt Jane is quite better, and has sent a splendid cake, "for her temperance nephew and niece,"' she said. 'It will be just the thing for our picnic.'

'And we are real temperance people this time,' observed Walter. 'We've been tempted to break our pledge, but we didn't do it.' And he told Mrs. Dale about Mrs. Crump and the negus, at which their mother laughed.

'So instead of a water picnic you gave a teetotal lecture,' she said. 'Well, I hope, Walter, you may live to give many another, and as it is dry now, I hope the picnic will come off to-morrow.'

Which it did.—'Adviser.'

One Leisure Hour.

A few years ago two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, Mass., went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which when bleached and dried is sold as Irish moss, for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they went out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss,

which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates.

Fifteen years after, the first boy, now a middle-aged man, was still gathering moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and became a wealthy, influential citizen.

'No matter what was my work,' he said lately, 'I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life.'

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the state. There were three other men employed at the forge.

'I will not always be a blacksmith; I will be a machinist,' said the lad. 'I mean to study arithmetic at night as a beginning.' Two of the men joined him; the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment—'Sunday-School Herald.'

Little Folks in Sunday-School.

When little folks are in Sunday-school,

They must not laugh or chatter
They must obey the order rule,
And make no noise or clatter.

They must not prink and fix their clothes,

Nor fidget in their places;
But sit in neat and quiet rows,
With sweet and reverent faces.

They must not whisper during prayers;

Nor stare about while singing;
For Jesus in their midst is there,
His precious blessing bringing.

'Let little children come to me,'

He says, 'and round me gather;
For they shall in my kingdom be.
When I am with my Father.'

—'Picture World.'